









utterly abandoned; and shut out from all human society, except that of such as have the spirit of devil, who carries the mark of the beast on her forehead, and is hastening to that everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels, let her, in this her day, repent of her sins, and there is joy in the presence of all the angels of God, even over her."

Mr. Edwards then proceeds to describe the causes of this joy in heaven on the repentance of an abandoned woman in such extracts as follow:

"She was born, only of the flesh. Her very mind was carnal, and empty against God. She was an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger to the covenant of promise, without hope, and without God in the world. Though Jesus had entered the world to place with his blood, and obtained eternal redemption; though he had tasted death for every man, made a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and who would, might come unto him and have life, she would not come. She hated light, and loved darkness; because her deeds were evil. And she was preparing to plunge into blackness of darkness for ever. Angels know this. And they know that she must experience a change in this life; for in the grave there is no work, and after death, no redemption. She that is holy, must be holy still; and she that is filthy, must be filthy still. They were therefore as anxious to see her born of God, as to have her an inhabitant of heaven; and to see her born of God soon; for such, they know, do not live out all their days. And when the voice of infinite kindness said, Go ye out into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring hither the poor and the halt, and the maimed, and the blind; compel them to come in, that my house may be filled; for all things are ready; when the Spirit and the bride said, Come, and he that heard said, come; not an angel descended; but, Come, echoed through the courts of heaven. And when, through marvelous grace, this sinner did come, weary, and heavy laden, loathing her transgressions, and living not unto herself, but unto the feet of her Lord; with that godly sorrow, which worketh repentance unto salvation, they knew that she was born of God, and had passed from death unto life. A burst of glory broke through heaven as they sung, She was dead, and is alive again, she was lost, and is found. Nor are they mistaken. She is now meek, and lowly, she is humble and contrite in heart. She walks softly before God, and trembles at his word. And the Most High, though the heavens, and the earth of heavens cannot contain him, comes down, and dwells with the lowly, and takes up his abode with the contrite in heart. She forsakes every evil, and false way, cleaves with full purpose of heart unto the Lord, and delights in keeping his commandments. She has experienced a resurrection with Christ, and she manifests it by seeking those things that are above, where Christ is; and living not unto herself, but unto him that died for her, and rose again. She begins already to shine in the glory of his image, and angels are not ashamed to own her. Though she was a child of the devil, she has become through boundless grace, a daughter of the Lord Almighty."

Another cause is her deliverance from the second death.

"What the second death is, none but God fully knows. About it we know nothing, except what we see, and feel of the effects of sin; and what God has told us. Finite minds, in the course of finite duration, can know little, comparatively but little. Yet we know enough, if we believe God, to make us feel, and that deeply, that it is something overwhelmingly dreadful. It is, he tells us, everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord; going away into devouring fire; into everlasting burnings, where is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And who can dwell with devouring fire; who can inherit everlasting burnings? The bare prospect of it, has made the hardened sinner, in this life, curse his existence; and cry out in agony, 'O that I could be swallowed up in death! I could escape! But, ah! millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer the end of my torment, than one poor hour. O eternity! eternity! who can fathom the abyss of eternity, or paraphrase the words for error and ever? To this amazing suffering that poor sinner, before she repented, was every moment exposed. Her ways were ways of death, her steps took hold on hell. She walked wherever she went, over the bottomless pit; and nothing but the brittle thread of life, which angels weave, might be sundered in a moment, kept her from endless perdition. She hung on a single thread, while the flames were flashing all around her. But glory to God in the highest, she is snatched as a brand from the burning; and saved, through grace, by repentance and faith, from the second death. All the misery which she would have endured, amounting in the course of endless being, to more than all that has ever yet been endured by all creatures from the creation, is struck out of existence; or rather it prevented from ever coming in. No wonder there is joy in the presence of the angels. God himself rejoices. All holy beings rejoice, and will rejoice for ever; for she is saved from the second death."

Passing by the next prominent cause of joy in heaven over her repentance, viz. that Jehovah will be her eternal portion, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making an extract from the fourth cause of joy in heaven, which is, that her influence on the kingdom of Jehovah will be far more extended.

"Even a single female, born in obscurity, brought up in retirement, and spending her days in private life, exerts an influence that may operate on thousands, ages after she is dead. The effects of this influence will occupy the distinct attention of God, angels, and men, at the day of judgment; and be told, by ten thousand thousand, in strains of higher, and higher glory, or in tones of deeper, and deeper anguish. Then shall the universe begin to see what God means, when he says, One sinner destroyeth much good. When he says, One righteous man destroyeth much evil. This is the case even with a single female, especially if she is abandoned, and continues impenitent to the end of life. She is destitute of moral principle, and for the gratifications of sin would sacrifice the glory of God, and all the happiness of his kingdom. The good which she actually destroys by her wickedness, none but God can fully understand. This she would be true, did she destroy simply her own soul. But she destroys multitudes of others. None, saith God, that go unto her return again; neither take they hold of the paths of life. Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. This is the account which God gives, who is witness to all her conduct, and knows its influence in destroying souls. It is an influence in the heart of a populous city, to which multitudes of thoughtless youth are constantly exposed; an influence deeper, more malignant, and more potent in preparing souls for hell, than any but God himself knows. Angels however know something of it, for they see one after another, in rapid succession, cut off, in the midst of their days, and hurried away, by infernal spirits, to the world of woe."

The preacher then enforces the obligations of Christians to extend the blessings of the gospel to abandoned women, in the following extract.

"If repentance of one of these sinners is of such amazing importance, we are all bound to make every effort to promote it. And for this purpose we are bound to cause them to hear the gospel. This is the reason which God has appointed to lead sinners to repentance; and which he has commanded us to use. Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark, my hearers, two expressions, in this command; all the world, and every creature. You are to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Of course it is included in this command. Its inhabitants, though not, if not rescued, to be tenants of the world of desolation, are yet among the creatures of God, to every one of whom he commands us to preach the gospel. But if you command us to preach the gospel, you command us to preach the gospel to every creature. And, to the shame of Christians, it is spoken, while she has, in obedience to God, been sending the gospel to the ends of the earth, and causing joy in the presence of the angels, she has abandoned sinners who have there repented; she has abandoned thousands of sinners equally abandoned, and misregarding in her populous cities, doing vastly more mischief, and reaping for unspeakably more dreadful judgment, to many of whom, in direct disobedience to God, she has never, even to this day, preached the gospel."

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We close our extracts with the ending paragraph of the sermon.

"Placed by Jehovah on the spot where first blazed the flame which now electrifies Christendom; a flame which has burst the fetters of a continent, and will, one day, of a world; you may set an example of the might of that gospel which is the power of God to salvation, that shall not only tell on the Mississippi, and the Amazon; but echo on the Danube, and the Ganges; vibrate through every island of every sea, and be hailed by the ransomed of the Lord, of every nation, and kindred, people, and tongue, as they return and come home to Zion with songs of everlasting joy, and give the glory, with one heart, and one voice, all to God, for ever—AMEN."

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We close our extracts with the ending paragraph of the sermon.

"Placed by Jehovah on the spot where first blazed the flame which now electrifies Christendom; a flame which has burst the fetters of a continent, and will, one day, of a world; you may set an example of the might of that gospel which is the power of God to salvation, that shall not only tell on the Mississippi, and the Amazon; but echo on the Danube, and the Ganges; vibrate through every island of every sea, and be hailed by the ransomed of the Lord, of every nation, and kindred, people, and tongue, as they return and come home to Zion with songs of everlasting joy, and give the glory, with one heart, and one voice, all to God, for ever—AMEN."

To our copious extracts we have no words of praise to add. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," are spread out before us, and if they do not bear the lovely impress of the most lovely characteristic of Christianity it would be wrong in us to praise. The preacher stood in an interesting attitude in regard to his subject and to the society whose cause he was pleading. A large assembly, from every denomination of Christians, equally interested, with a great proportion of elegant, accomplished, and virtuous females, hung on the speaker's lips, while he pleaded for those whom mankind have always rejected. In the speaker's details of the success which has attended this and a similar institution, we could not but recognize with wonder and praise the renovating, redeeming power of the gospel. The arm of power has utterly failed to root out or do away this evil from among men—the sagacity and skill of the wisest have been baffled—laws have not restrained this soul-destroying vice. It has kept pace with civilization—outstripped refinement, and when nations have been most great and powerful, it has destroyed them. Yet a band of Christians, feeling and acting like their leader, have devised means to cleanse this land and every other land from this foul stain. They are snatching one after another from horrible ruin—their name has gone abroad into every hand of vice, and the disquietude, anguish and remorse attendant on such a course of depravity will be the sure means, in the end, of driving every wretched being from such a course of life to the Refuge, and hereafter they will be found filling domestic stations with happiness and honor.

The morning so dear to Americans arose in unclouded brightness, and the deep blue sky was pure as his fame who had combined with this day as assurance so grateful to his country. Speech and invention have been exhausted, and metaphor expended in eulogy of the immortal WASHINGTON.

Is it fancy, or imagination, or a bold reality that clothes a day like this with grandeur. Pomp and circumstance indeed there were none. The air was not rent by shouting thousands. The morning salutes, which had rung from Maine to Florida, were but for a moment—silence closed over their departing echoes; but a great reality remained, unconnected with every thing around, yet lending a brightness to the sun, a sublimity to the blue vault of heaven, and an awful sense of the presence of departed greatness to the mind. Were every leaf in history a blank, and every achievement of our beloved WASHINGTON blotted from the records of time, still would his empire in the heart remain unshaken while freedom had a friend or a champion.

The mid day salute that roared along the borders of the Atlantic, darted back to the lakes and rang in the great valley of the Mississippi, was but the faint voice of a nation's feeling. Every child in the nursery knew his name and the character of his spotless reputation. No wonder then that the fame of our Washington has attained such a permanency, and is destined to such a perpetuity. He embarked in the sacred cause of freedom, and inscribed his name on the broad shield of the rights of man. Wherever suffering humanity rises against its oppressor, the shade of WASHINGTON, blending loveliness, and majesty, and simplicity in its perfect form, shall draw near to rouse the desponding, to nerve the warrior, inspire the legislator, and to display before the eyes of the patriot, the dignity of virtue.

The Christiano feels a deep interest in this anniversary. Indeed, how can he help it, when he sees his fellow Christians of every name, worshipping in their own peculiar modes, on every side of him, unmolested. The Christian looks upon Washington as the Joshua

of America, appointed specially by God to lead this chosen people through the appalling scenes of the revolution to a brighter rest than ever before blessed any nation on earth. He hails him as a brother. He remembers the well known fact, related by Potts, the Quaker, and blesses his Heavenly Father, that the solitary pine groves witnessed the fervent intercessions of God for his beloved country of him who led her armies.

What a contrast oppresses and yet delights the mind when our Washington is compared with great men of other countries and other days!

"But where is he Who, pure in life, majestic in his fall, Lay down beneath his native cedar tree? Potomac's wave, Mount Vernon's grassy plain, That wraps his relics round, O! these are worth them all."

Having frequently called the attention of our readers to the several literary institutions, which, through the enterprise of our preachers and the liberality of the public, have recently sprung into existence, and are now in successful operation, we would respectfully inquire of the Trustees of these institutions, whether they have taken the precaution to have the buildings insured against loss or damage by fire.—Should such an important measure be neglected until the calamity falls upon them, the public would not so willingly assist in repairing damages, that might have been guarded against for the trifling premium of fifty cents on one hundred dollars. And this hint may apply as well to individuals, as to corporate bodies.

The beautiful essay on our first page, entitled "Religion's All," was written by a young lady of Providence, R. I. and obtained the premium of twenty dollars, recently offered by the publishers of the Boston Spectator and Ladies Album, for the best essay on the subject of religion.

Another "veteran Editor."—It was recently stated in the Baltimore Patriot, that on the 6th of January the editor of the Kentucky Gazette, entered upon the fortieth year of his editorial labors—that the Gazette was established, and has been conducted by him thirty-nine years—and that this was thought to be an instance of steady perseverance without a parallel.—Boston, however, not to be outdone in instances of the curious and the praiseworthy, affords "a parallel" for this one also. The Columbian Centinel was established on the 24th of March, 1784, by Mr. Benjamin Russell, by whom it has been conducted ever since—and what is still more remarkable, during this long period of forty-two years, he has never vacated his editorial chair, for any length of time, either from sickness or any other cause; and for aught we can discover, he bids fair to continue a "faithful soldier and servant" of the public, for many years to come.

The largest newspaper printed in New England is the Boston Evening Gazette, two editions of which are published, one on Saturday afternoon, the other at night, after the arrival of the southern mail. This paper has recently been enlarged, so as to contain twenty-eight columns of closely printed matter. Its circulation, which was before respectable, has been considerably extended of late, and gives evidence that the industry and enterprise displayed by its proprietor will not go unrewarded.

A very neat octavo publication, is issued once a week from the office of Mr. Abel Bowen, entitled the "Boston News Letter." It usually contains many articles connected with earlier times, and paragraphs of a substantial character; thereby rendering it a valuable vehicle of information not only to the antiquary but to those who are desirous of preserving authentic records of passing occurrences.—We take the following paragraph as a specimen.

Mr. Jefferson, one of the Ex-Presidents of the United States, has petitioned the legislature of Virginia, for leave to dispose of his property at Monticello, by lottery, to relieve his embarrassments. A writer in some paper at the south, proposes a subscription for his relief. It is certainly a curious fact that Mr. Monroe, Mr. Adams, Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson are poor men, notwithstanding the elevation to which they have been raised. What a glorious comment is this upon our country! the highest officer in the Union, comes down from the loftiest seat in the gift of an independent nation, to common life—and poor. They can never suffer while there is one remaining feeling of patriotism in the bosom of an American. Let it stand recorded for the wonder and admiration of future ages, that the guardians of their rights were honest men, and were therefore poor; their names will live when the wealth of a continent is lost in the downfall of contending empires.

We hope that the same liberality which has been extended to the generous Lafayette, will also be manifested towards these patriarchs of the revolution.—City Record.

The examination of girls for admission into the High school, commenced on Wednesday morning last, at the school room in Dorset street. A larger number appeared than can possibly be admitted under any arrangement whatever. About 60 were examined the first day, and the same number every day since. The examination must necessarily be very rigid and close, as only one hundred and twenty scholars can be accommodated. On Thursday morning next, the successful candidates for this year, will be admitted.—Evening Gaz.

Mrs. A. M. Wells, of Boston, is one of the four successful candidates who obtained prizes offered by the editor of the New York Mirror. The prize awarded to this lady was \$20, for the second best poem.

The new, neat and elegant meeting house, recently erected on Hanover-street, is to be dedicated this day, to the service of Almighty God. Services to commence at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Professor Stuart.



